

The second part of

it, good phrases, are surely, and euer were, very commendable, accommodated: it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phrase.

Bardolfe Pardon me sir, I haue heard the worde, phrase call you it? by this good day, I knowe not the phrase, but I will mayntayne the worde with my sworde, to bee a soul-diour-like word, and a worde of exceeding good command, by heauen: accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated, or when a man is, beeing whereby, a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Iust. It is very iust: looke, here comes good sir Iohn, giue me your good hand, giue mee your worshippes good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well, welcome good sir Iohn.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good maister Robert Shallow, maister Soccard (as I thinke.)

Shal. No sir Iohn, it is my coosin Silens, in commission with me.

Falst. Good maister Silens, it well befits you should be of the Peace.

Silens Your good worship is welcome.

Falst. Fie, this is hot weather (gentlemen) haue you provided me heere halfe a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Mary haue we sir, will you sit?

Falst. Let me see them I beseech you.

Shall. Wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? let me see, let me see, so, so, so, so, so (so, so) yea mary sir, Rafe Mouldy, let them appeere as I call, let them do so, let the do so, let me see, where is Mouldy?

Mouldy Here and it please you.

Shal. What think you sir Iohn, a good limbd fellow, yong, strong,

Henry the

strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul. Yea, and t please you.

Fal. Tis the more time thou v

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent dy lacke vse: very singular good, in well said.

Moul. I was prickt wel enough let me alone, my old dame will be her husbandrie, and her drudgery me, there are other men fitter to g

Fal. Go to, peace Mouldy, you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace fellow, peace, stand are? for th' other sir Iohn: let me se

Fal. Yea mary, let me haue him a cold soldiour.

Shal. Wheres Shadow?

Shad. Here sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art

Shad. My mothers sonne sir.

Fal. Thy mothers sonne like dow, so the sonne of the female is often so indeede, but much of the

Shal. Do you like him sir Iohn

Fal. Shadow wil serue for fun a number of shadowes, fill vp the

Shal. Thomas Wart,

Fal. Wheres he?

Wart Here sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged

Shal. Shall I pricke him sir Iohn

Fal. It were superfluous, for a